

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever"—Hebrew, xlii:8.

Text suggested by Evangelist C. H. Sooter, Richmond, Va.

What Else Can It Do?

SENATOR NELSON, scorning finesse, candidly blurted out the truth about the strikes when he shouted:

The whole trouble is unionism. * * * Give the anthracite mines non-union workers and you will get all the coal you want, and at less cost.

Of course, their wish to smash the unions is chiefly why the rail and mine magnates won't come to terms.

Slave owners two generations ago equally resented attempts to check their autocratic power.

But the prospect of subjugated labor producing low-cost goods, that a few may profit greatly, does not appeal to American democrats.

Moreover, to take from workers their right to join hands for mutual advantage would so obviously imperil the similar right of others that it can never hope to be supported in this country by more than a small minority.

But even were it possible to put labor down, the difficulty of holding it down would soon exhaust any temporary gain to labor's employers.

To one who carries these truths in mind, the present strife seems as nonsensical from the standpoint of what we call capital as it is cruel to labor and dangerous to the general welfare.

The public has stood its like many times, each time keeping up its patience by hoping vainly that experience would teach wisdom.

It has plenty of reason now to determine to end the peril and the bother by taking both railroads and mines out of hands unable to make them work, and putting both into full and permanent public control.

Talk About "War"

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY, through its president, Fairfax Harrison, said to the men: "If it means war, then let's have it now—not later."

If the striking men talked about "war," that would be called anarchy. Telegrams would be sent to the Attorney General. Employers should leave talk of "war" to others.

The Southern Railway, as it happens, has been different from other roads in its fairness and justice in its attitude toward the men, in offering to take them back on their own terms—an offer which they refused, on the ground that the strike was nation wide. But it is not wise for any railroad to talk about war. It is easy enough to have war, as the world has recently learned in Europe, and a little later in Russia.

In this country we ought to be able to get along with LAWS and JUSTICE. When we reach a point where we can't get along with law and justice, it will be a very sad day for those that own railroads and other valuable properties, and they should remember it in their talks.

The Change in China

SUN has emerged from his partial eclipse.

Sun Yat Sen, candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the New Republic of China, has most unexpectedly obtained the support for his public policies of Gen. Wu Pei Fu, the chief military figure of China. He is the man whose military genius led to Sun Yat Sen's overthrow when he was president of the Southern Chinese Republic.

Dr. Sun's policies are now being indorsed and will probably be put into effect.

They include the policy of freedom from foreign influence in the Chinese government, which interference would keep the Chinese people "dissevered, belligerent, discordant," and the helpless prey of the foreign exploiters who rob them.

He would establish self-government and abolish military government in the provinces. He would convert military organizations into peace armies, turning sword and bayonet into plowshare and hoe, and drafting the executive abilities of the officers for the organization of industry.

It is a most interesting scheme. Sun's indorsement by the military leader of such a scheme is also of more than passing interest.

An Amateur Whitewasher

IT LOOKS as if Charles E. Hughes aspired to the job of Elihu Root as official salvager of privilege in distress.

There is this, though, to be said for Root:

When he essays the whitewash brush he uses it skillfully. Ere he gets through, the lime covers the client like the paper on the wall.

Brother Hughes' whitewashing of Newberry, on the contrary, is almost painfully amateurish.

The best he can do, apparently, is to argue that Newberry didn't personally buy votes. He is quite gleeful that personal purchase of votes wasn't proved.

Newberry, however, knew that money was being spent by bucketsful. And if he didn't know that such a monstrous slush fund could not fail in practical hands to cover corrupt practices he was quite too innocent to be safe among the seasoned stalwarts of the Senate.

Legal hair-splitting does not expunge the moral significance of the jury's verdict, which is also the verdict of the country.

That Michigan jury which convicted Newberry reflected the wholesome popular instinct for cleaner politics.

If the law says that only a certain amount shall be spent and nearly a hundred times that amount is spent, much of it with the candidate's knowledge, a good deal of it out of the family's purse, then it is an irresistible deduction that an offense has been committed.

Technicalities have intervened to free the defendant, but before the larger bar of public opinion his indictment still stands.

To Be Happy

HENRY FORD thinks that with everybody happy "maybe there wouldn't be anybody left willing to run for office." He is mistaken. It is when they have everything else that men want of office. You will find them struggling to be made Grand Kleagle of the Ku Klux or Worshipful High Mighty ruler of some secret lodge.

It is in the nature of man to want to be different. That is why we have come up from cave dwelling to skyscrapers.

The savage chief putting a sharp bone in his nose, or a lump of gold in his ear, and the politician pleased to see the word "Honorable" before his name are all part of the uplift movement. We are lifted by our own vanity.

Henry Ford thinks the world would be happy if employers paid the highest possible wages and workmen produced the highest possible results, and retailers sold at the lowest possible prices.

Those three things would be pleasing. But they WOULDN'T make the world happy. Happiness is in the mind. It consists largely in struggling against adversity.

If you could give to every human being what Mr. Ford imagines to be happiness—freedom from worry, plenty to live on—you would have a miserably unhappy world, much unhappier than it is now.

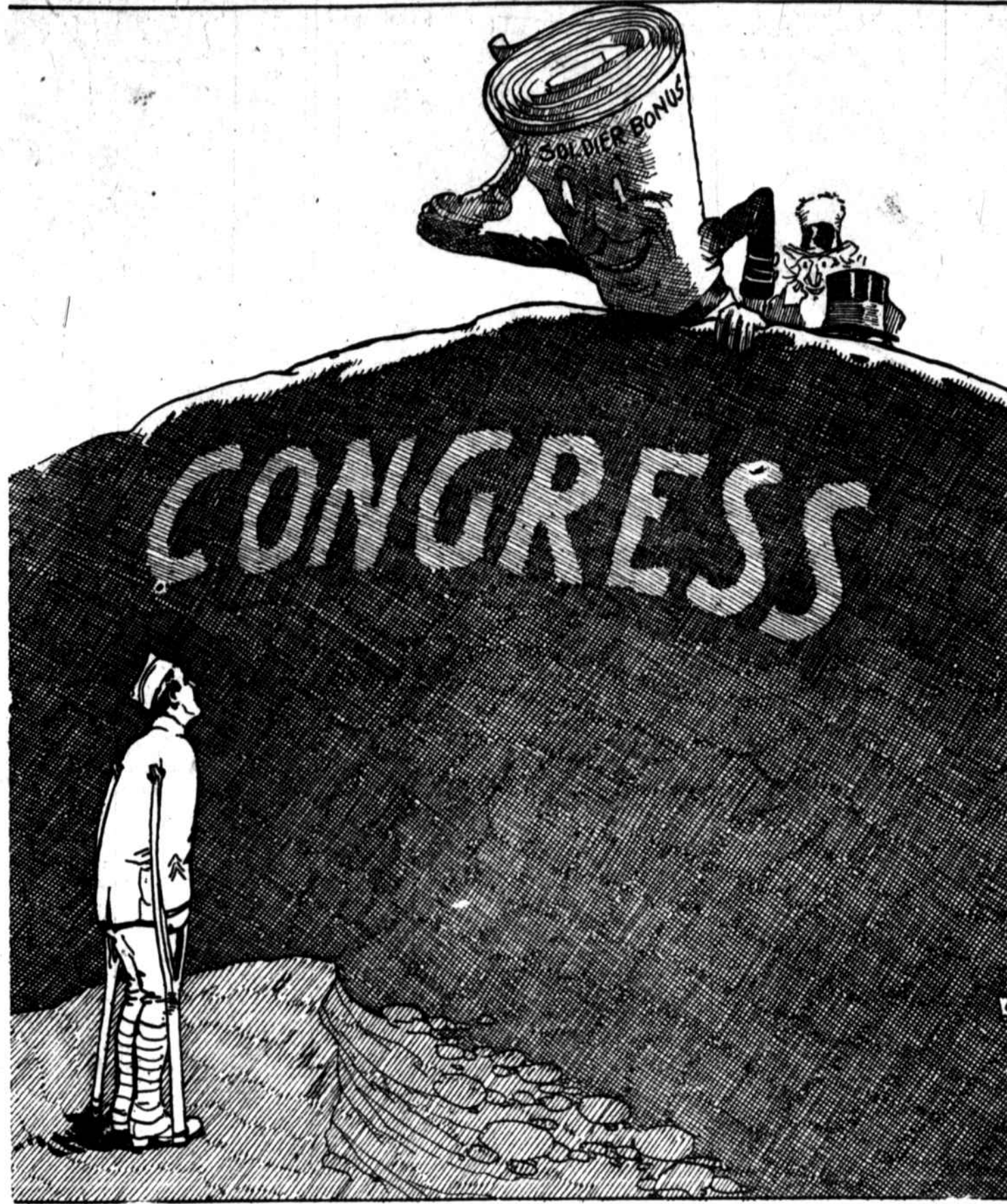
Henry Ford might be called a happy man, according to his own definition. He has a gross income of about FIVE HUNDRED MILLION dollars a year and can make the NET income whatever he pleases, having no real competition. He has what is ten million times better than money—the satisfaction of seeing his work a success—his idea realized far beyond the success of any man in industry.

Yet Henry Ford would like something else. He would like to be President of the United States.

He would enjoy motoring up to the White House, parking his little car at the curb, and telling people what to do and what not to do; what to substitute for gold as money, and how to make the Golden Rule work like perpetual motion. He wants it, but such a job for him would mean torment, attack, bitter disappointment in the end.

STILL HE WANTS IT. The Lord has taken care that every human being should be eager for the applause of others. That makes us do something for others. As Montaigne tells you, a man will risk his life to win the applause of a mob of ten thousand, whereas he would despise the individual opinion or applause of any one of the ten thousand.

How About It Now?



WAYSIDE WISDOM

(Copyright, 1922.)

By S. E. Kiser



HIS NEW INTEREST

"GO prove that you possess the right of self-respect," said she; "Show that you're not afraid to fight. And that your liver isn't white. And then come back to me."

HE took a chance, and went to France. And later he returned; The lady, with a haughty glance, Awoke him from his blissful trance. And still his pleadings spurned.

"GO, first, and fit yourself," she said, "To give me fair support; Prove that there's something in your head; Men's darlings must be dressed and fed; Obtain a job, in short."

HE went away, with hope renewed, And asked from door to door, Receiving answers that were rude, But victory, at last, ensued. Then he returned once more.

"GO prove that you can work and win Among the strong," said she; "Throw out your chest, project your chin. Make others yield where you sto in. And then come back to me."

HE hurried forth, and left her where His path and hers had met; He occupied a cushioned chair, And soon will be a millionaire. She's waiting for him yet.



SAP and SALT

(Copyright, 1922, by Premier Syndicate, Inc.)

A rich man's fame generally ends when he does.

All that you get out of one war is a reason for the other one.

The old idea that it is vulgar to work is more popular now than ever.

Religion, like nations, has to undergo periodical reforms, or it will perish.

Start looking for something, and every body who comes along will help you try to find it.

There seem to be a lot of people whose pleasure comes from doing things they know are wrong.

See Heck say: "Millions' windows catch the wimmin, while ball scores catch the men."

OCEAN TRIPS TO HOBOKEN

(Copyright, 1922.)

By "BUGS" BAER

COMMISSIONER GROVER WHALEN is out to make our municipal ferries finest in the world. Competition between Battery and Staten Island will result in new rate war between White Star and Cunard lines.

EFFORTS will be made to break trans-fer record between Desbrosses street and Weehawken. Bars on Fort Lee ferries will be thrown open outside of three-mile limit.

CAPTAINS on Staten Island passenger ferries will wear more gold braid than Ching Ling Foo used on his magic tablecloth. Deckhands will wear sailor frocks and nobody can sail for Hoboken without passports.

WHEN Staten Island commuter leaves for Manhattan in morning, customs inspectors will search his baggage for smuggled delicatessen. His wives and children will parade up and down wharf waving good-by and don't come back.

WHEN he finally gets within eye-look of promised land of freedom, he will fall over rail and holler, "Thank heaven, there's Statue of Liberty."

THERE will be enough deep sea uniforms and gold lace to make everybody seasick. Experiments recently completed by Marconi indicate no reason why our river ferries shouldn't keep in wireless touch with rest of pulverized world.

WHEN pop wants to go back to Staten Island, he will have to rush around to custom house and get his Sixth avenue "L" transfer vased, his subway ticket corroborated and his New York evening paper validated and countersigned.

TAKE your ocean trips in ferry capsule form. Before coming to work in morning New Jersey folks will have to lay three days in quarantine, take final sanity test and swear that they have enough lunch money to prevent from becoming wards of nation.

WILL be plenty of stowaway cases among Newark citizens, who will be determined to reach America during any administration.

BEFORE Commish Whalen is through, New York will have finest transatlantic service ever hidden in any American river, pond or puddle.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.)

By K. C. B.

I WAS sitting there, IN MY radio chair, WITH THE hearing thing, CLAMPED ON my head, AND GETTING prices, OF MELONS and things, WHICH STRANGELY enough, AREN'T ANYTHING like, THE PRICES I pay, AND THEY don't mean a thing, IN MY young life, BUT IF somebody wants 'em, IT'S QUITE all right, AND THEY'RE welcome to 'em, IT ISN'T my affair, AND ANYWAY, THE MARKET man quit, AND SOMEBODY said, THERED'BE a concert, AND THE opening number, WAS A vocal selection, BY MISS Somebody, I'VE FORGOTTEN her name, AND ANYWAY, THE ANNOUNCER said, THAT THE vocalist, ALTHOUGH A female,

HAD A baritone voice, AND I guess she had OR IT might have been bass, IT WAS so male, AND WE all enjoyed it, OR AT least I did, AND IF I could, SO SHE might have heard, I WOULD have applauded, AND IN the evening, I WAS telling a neighbor, OF THE wonderful voice, ON THE radio, AND THE neighbor said,

HOW DID I know, IT WASN'T a man, AND HOW did I know, BUT WHAT some station, SOONER OR later, WOULD SAY some day, HERE'S A male soprano, WHO IS going to sing, AND HE'S a wonder, AND THEN get a woman, TO SING the song, AND I ask you now, IF A neighbor like that, AIN'T AN awful crab,



I THANK YOU.

Something to Think About

By Bruno Lessing

AIN'T SCIENCE WONDERFUL!

BILLIONS of years ago, when all this continent was under water, the spot which is now called Leroy, N. Y., was marked, on the surface, by a wave.

The other day a fossil was dug up in this town. It was sent to the Field Museum, in Chicago, where the experts classified it as the relic of a macropetalichthys, which, in English, means a fish of the shark family which lived and kicked the bucket in the Huronian period. The Huronian period goes back about a hundred million years before the beginning of W. J. Bryan's chronology.

When you think of this poor shark's bones being disturbed at this late date, and a lot of scientists holding an autopsy on his career, the first moral that suggests itself is: "Be sure your sins will find you out."

AS nearly as they can figure it out, the scientists declare that this near-shark died about 400,000,000 years ago. That's a very long time. If the poor fish had invested a penny in a bank at 6 per cent compound interest the world would have been bankrupt ages ago trying to pay him.

If you ever get impatient and want things to move along more swiftly, if you ever wonder when your wife is going to come around to your way of thinking, or when the man who owes you money is going to pay you—just think of 400,000,000 years.

AND think, also that 400,000,000 years from now your own bones will be disinterred and that science will have made such prodigious strides by that time that from your dust it will be able to reconstruct your life and pry into the most secret thoughts you had while you were paying your income tax. If you have any pride, how can you afford to be so wicked these days?

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION years is a space of time that staggers the human imagination. Even if these scientists are wrong about the macropetalichthys' birthday, there was a moment of time that long ago. And, probably, somewhere in the universe a planet was born in those days whose light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, has not reached us yet.

Compared with such figures, how puny we are and how trivial our troubles!

AND to think that there were sharks in those days! What a great pity it is that all the sharks who are preying upon innocent and ignorant and glib-folks today were not fossilized with the macropetalichthys.

A Warning: Two Planetary Conjunctions

By Edgar Lucien Larkin

Director of Lowe Observatory.

THE professional fakers, sinister prophets of evil, are at work with renewed activity. About the middle of May I began to receive the usual grist of letters anxiously inquiring if earthquakes, cyclones, floods and "tidal" waves are to come during this summer and autumn, 1922, owing to positions of the planets in the same general direction from the earth.

Visitors in the observatory have been alarmed, and in the city on cars, in hotels, people rush up in distressing nervous excitement, making inquiry: "What is to happen?" "Will Mars cause another war?" Here are facts: Mars passed its nearest approach to the earth at this opposition at 5 p. m., June 19, mean solar time in Washington. Still the earth and Mars are getting on as usual.

ON August the 15th one of the most beautiful scenes in nature occurred—the conjunction of Venus with Saturn. They appeared in the great telescope side by side. All could see them with the unaided eye; but in the telescope the great rings of Saturn and its moons were observed.

On August 26 Jupiter and Venus will be in conjunction. All humans who even think of looking at the supernal glories of the sky at night can see if they only will.

Their conjunctions were predicted to occur with an accuracy down to seconds for years by the staff of computers in the United States Nautical Almanac office in Washington. Now in the twentieth century, a century of science, polished and insidious scoundrels prey upon their ignorant dupes and wring from them vast sums of money. I have their circulars sent up here by those to whom they were mailed.

ONE faker made a mistake and sent his circulars to my business address in Los Angeles, but not one ever mails these fearfully deceptive circulars up to the observatory. If the planets failed to come to conjunction as predicted by the mathematicians, every astronomer in the world would be re-searching to find the cause. I repeat the warning, and beg that all these circulars of expert calamity howlers be burned. Think of the crime of frightening people on account of a beautiful conjunction of planets.

Lesson in a Cartoon

To the Editor: I WAS much interested in Mr. McCay's cartoon in Sunday's issue of your paper, and his article accompanying it, and feel that every thinking person must recognize the truth he portrays so graphically, viz., that there is no actual devil or Satanic Majesty other than an imaginative creation upon whom man piles the sins of his own lower self.

The lower, selfish self of man is the only devil, and in that lower consciousness he creates all that is opposite to the one good, the one truth, the one God. It has been man's belief in two all-powerful entities that has brought him to the present pass of world chaos and confusion. The sooner he realizes the unity of thought in one source of all that is, the sooner will his changed process of thinking place the blame where it belongs, and begin to disavow the monstrous creations of his former thought. By reaching "Plate's Point," turning round and working consciously and consistently with the one mind of God to create a different kind of world, we will soon see the beginnings of one in which harmony, beauty, love and peace shall dwell.

THERE is permanent substance to this higher form of thought-force—the same substance of thought-force out of which God created the universe; and that substance was, and is God, Himself, out of whom, through whom, and to whom are all things.

Man's processes of creation (thought-power) are the same as God's processes, only on lower planes, for we can only imitate what we have seen our Father do. "As above, so below." "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Without the motive power of love, however, man's creations are impermanent, unsubstantial.

THE whole universe existed first in the mind of God, before it was formed or came into being, and as the material scientists are finding out that this wonderful universe—the material world in which we dwell—is resolvable back into that one spiritual substance out of which it emerged and took form by the power of the word proceeding from the thought of God, God's creations are all real, all good, but man's imperfect imitations except as he cooperates with God are mere passing shadows—the sole and only (devil)—which he can and must destroy by controlling his thought processes and bringing them into subjection to the law of Christ—the Golden Rule.

Mr. McCay's article and cartoon constitute a wonderful and much-needed lesson.

MISS MARY M. CHILDS